

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 49—No. 32.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
6d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE—THIS DAY.—Mr. AYNLEY COOKE'S BENEFIT, when Gounod's "FAUST" will be given, with the following powerful cast:—

Valentine	Mr. Santley.
Faust	Mr. Parkinson.
Mephistopheles	Mr. Aynley Cooke.
Wagner	Mr. D. Newton.
Martha	Mrs. Aynley Cooke.
Siebel	Miss Newton, and
Marguerite	Miss Blanche Cole.

Full orchestra and chorus. The opera produced under the direction of Mr. George Perren. To be preceded by last scene of Donizetti's Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMER-MOOR."

Edgardo Mr. George Perren
Conductor—Mr. MANNS.
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MR. SANTLEY AS VALENTINE in Gounod's Opera, "FAUST," at Mr. Aynley Cooke's Benefit, To-day.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL,
SEPTEMBER 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1871.

PRINCIPAL VOCAL PERFORMERS:

MDLLE. TIETJENS. MDME. CORA DE WILHORST. MDME. PATEY.
MISS H. R. HARRISON. MISS MARTELL. MR. VERNON RIGBY. MR. E.
LLOYD. MR. BENTHAM. MR. LEWIS THOMAS. MR. BRANDON.
SIGNOR FOLI.

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TUESDAY—At 1 o'clock—Overture to "ESTHER"—HANDEL'S "TE DEUM"—
"HEAR MY PRAYER"—MENDELSSOHN—"JEPHTHA"—HANDEL.
TUESDAY—At 7 p.m.—HAYDN'S "CREATION" (1st part) and Selection from
HANDEL'S "ISRAEL IN EGYPT."
WEDNESDAY—At 11.30—"ELIJAH"—MENDELSSOHN.
THURSDAY—At 11.30—Selection from SPOHN'S "CALVARY." "GIDEON," by W.
G. CURTIS (first time).
BACH'S Sacred Oratorio, "THE PASSION."
FRIDAY—At 11.30—"THE MESSIAH"—HANDEL.

CONCERTS at the SHIRE HALL on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS
at 7.45 p.m.

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WEBER'S "PRECIOUS"—Selection from MOZART'S "FIGARO," and MOZART'S
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Drury Lane Theatre, has, with the consent of the lessee, Mr. Chatterton,
accepted a proposal, made by the friends of the late Mr. Balfe, to place in the
Vestibule of the National Theatre a Statue of our eminent Composer. To those
who desire to do this honour to his memory, an invitation is addressed to join a
subscription already commenced.

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Bouverie & Co., Pall Mall East, London, S.W., Bankers for the Balfe Statue Fund;
or may be enclosed to the Hon. Secretary, Dion Boucicault, 325, Regent Street.

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1871.

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Drooping mother, weep no more,
Upward look and see
Her whom thou mournest evermore,
Keeping watch o'er thee.
Grieve not at the will divine,
Humbly strive to bow;
Though bereft, do not repine,
Thy child's an angel now.

Lonely mother, all is well,
The lost, the young, the fair,
Lives now where the happy dwell—
Would'st call thy child from there?
Ever gone to peaceful rest,
A halo round her brow,
Earthly cares touch not her breast—
Thy child's an angel now.

NOTICE.

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The Words by ARTHUR CLYDE.

The Music by HENRIETTE.

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Only when twilight creeps,
My sad heart weeps and weeps,
In anguish that ne'er sleeps—
"What might have been!"

Living in his dear smile,
Guarding his weal the while,
A sweet life without guile—
"This might have been!"

Save that relentless spite
Breathed dark shades o'er truth's light,
That I scorned to set right—
"All might have been!"

Truth prevailed, ah! too late
Writhing in chains of fate,
He mourns disconsolate—
"What might have been!"

Strive we by duties done,
So our life's battle's won,
Crushing, each morning sun—
"Hopes that have been!"

Yet, must I in dream-light,
Waiting for weary night,
Wail and cry by grief's right—
"What might have been!"

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JOHAN SEVERIN SVENDSEN.

Only a few years since the musical world became acquainted with the name of Svendsen, yet the publication of his works, though few in number, have already given him a high reputation. Mr. Svendsen being at present in America upon a short visit, we propose to make the readers of the *Art Journal* acquainted with this rising talent; and to carry out that proposition we subjoin a sketch of his brief career, translated for this journal from the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* of Leipzig.

Although Svendsen is a Norwegian, we may nevertheless consider him an offshoot from the great Germanic musical tree, taking root with Bach, emerging into Beethoven as principal, and spreading its branches into Schumann and Mendelssohn, under whose welcome shades almost every exponent of "absolute" music willingly takes refuge. Unlike Schubert, Liszt, Brahms, and Volkmann, who represent the Hungarian element, and Rubinstein, who mixes the Russo-Slavic element with the ancient and primeval German, he follows Mendelssohn more closely in his northerly direction, basing his inspirations upon the poetical works of Shakspeare and Macpherson, impersonating the Ossianic songs, and yielding to the influences of nature in the high north,—its wild, romantic landscapes, its rushing winds and its roaring seas. *Summer Night's Dream* and *Fingal's Halls* are the cardinal points of this music; and the school has been followed by Sterndale Bennett, Niels Gade, and by their confederate Berlioz,* joined by a few other masters of modern date, who have endeavoured to amalgamate it with the Schumann system, thus placing the Scandinavian character in a new phase (?). We may here fairly compare Johan Svendsen to his countryman, Greig. Svendsen may be considered the true heir of Mendelssohn and Schumann, while approaching nearer to Beethoven's art standard. He also possesses a self-sustaining nationality, evidenced in a peculiar musical character which stamps him as an individuality. What carries Svendsen beyond the influence of Mendelssohn is that the direction of his genius does not lay in the imitation of that master, but it took his lofty departure in its own nature and being. What Mendelssohn, so to speak, felt through the abstraction to which he arrived by exertion and forcibly provoked excitement of imagination, Svendsen imbibed with the first breath he drew. The air he breathed was the air so often sung in the Norwegian ballads. The nature among which he lived filled him with the spirit of roaring seas and the sublime voices of the waterfalls. The poets that he read and the people with whom he lived sung and spoke to him of those mystic times in which the Northern Recken were mighty kings on land and water, and their power extended to all zones of the earth.

Svendsen was born in Christiania, September 30, 1840. His father being poor, could give but little education to his son; indeed his education was chiefly corrective, consisting of sound thrashings for every little escapade which the wild, untutored boy—whose life was mostly passed on the mountains, the seashore, or in the street—was guilty of. Still, through all his wild and irregular life, he showed a rare intelligence, taking a deep interest in history, and also in the Bible. He began the study of the violin early, and made rapid progress; and the possession of this accomplishment gave him a prominent position among his humble schoolfellows. He had, however, a predilection for military life, and enlisted as a sharpshooter in the Norwegian army, when but fifteen years of age. It was during his military service that his musical genius developed itself, soon entirely overmastering his love for a military career, and deciding him to become a musician.

His first step was in the band of the regiment, where he played alternately the flute and the clarinet; while, at the same time, he perfected himself on the violin in a very original manner; for besides playing for his comrades on dancing occasions, he accepted the position of leading and playing at a dancing academy, where he played the most difficult studies of Kreutzer and Paganini in every manner of dance variations. He also made numerous attempts at composing, and these early efforts were remarkable for clearness and boldness. He wrote entirely for the orchestra, and the instrumentation throughout was of surpassing correctness. He led this life for six years, though he had long ago determined to try art in a different way. But some time had yet to pass before his resolution could be carried into effect, for, during the two following years he travelled through Sweden and Northern Germany, giving violin concerts with great success, and winning, in rather an obscure sphere, genuine art-triumphs.

At last, in 1863, there came a change for the better. Johan Svendsen being then in Lubeck, became acquainted with Consul Leche, who succeeded by earnest representations in procuring for his protégé a student's stipend from the royal family of Sweden. Thus provided, we find him in December of the same year in Leipzig, where he remained until the Spring of 1867. His masters at the Conservatory of Leipzig were

Hauptmann, David, and Reinecke. He soon became the general favourite of both the masters and his fellow-students. His impetuous desire to study encouraged and gave new life and additional vigour to all the students, amongst whom he was always first and foremost, whether in talent, wit, or good fellowship. In the Spring of 1867, after having passed several examinations with high honour, and having gained the first prize from the Directory of the Conservatory, he undertook a tour through Denmark, Scotland, Ireland, and England, finally reaching Norway, where he remained some time, giving a few concerts, at which he played only his own compositions, which were so warmly received and so highly appreciated that they fully established his reputation as a composer. At Christmas he returned to Leipzig, and in March he went to Paris, where he remained for two years. While there he produced some very interesting works, namely, orchestral transcriptions of the compositions of Liszt, Schumann, and Schubert. He also composed a violin concerto, his symphony called "Sigurd," and also a symphony on the "Marseillaise," both for grand orchestra.

Circumstances compelled him to leave Paris at the end of two years. His genius and his accomplishments were generally acknowledged; but the battle of life there was very hard to fight. A special and peculiar trait of character, and a sensibility too fine, prevented him forcing his claims to distinction, either with the press or with the public; and without using these means, which other less scrupulous artists used so freely, little could be accomplished towards establishing a reputation, especially in Paris. He therefore followed the advice of his friends, and returned to Leipzig, but with the avowed resolution in his heart to return at some future day to the shores of the Seine, revisit the capital of splendours and artistic fame, and wring from its critics the acknowledgment of the position which he felt he had a right to claim. In Leipzig he was at once offered the distinguished position of concert-master, or leader of the Euterpe concerts; but on account of the Franco-Prussian War, the Euterpe concerts had to be given up that winter. Notwithstanding all these impediments, the young artist remained full of fire and ardour, and during this time composed a violoncello concerto with orchestra. This concerto is but the seventh work of Svendsen that is published, and it seems almost incredible that so few productions should have given him so much renown. But herein lies the peculiarity of Svendsen; he writes but little; each of his works is an accepted fact;—all of them are masterpieces. The compositions that met with the most brilliant success and favour were the Octet for stringed instruments, and a Symphony. The published works appear in the following order:—

Op. I. Quartet for stringed instruments—A minor. Op. II. Quartet for men's voices, with Swedish text. Op. III. Octet for stringed instruments—A major. Op. IV. Symphony—D major. Op. V. Quintet for stringed instruments—C major. Op. VI. Violin concerto with orchestra—A major. Op. VII. Violoncello concerto with orchestra—D major.

Svendsen is also an excellent violin player, and it is a pity that a certain nervousness in his fingers checks somewhat his brilliant career as virtuoso. He possesses an exceptional gift as orchestral leader, and any conservatory or orchestral institution may consider itself very fortunate if succeeding in securing his brilliant services. Svendsen has not yet written anything either for the piano or for the voice; neither has he yet tried dramatic composition. He does not cater for public favour, nor does he make the slightest concession for the sake of mere popularity. He writes from inspiration only, and, therefore, it is that his works bear the impress of his heart and soul, and all the higher attributes of his poetical nature. At the same time, they are strong and sound, well poised, and full of deep thought. The future of one who has asserted his place at once as a master may well be looked forward to as of great expectations. But yet, in the pride of his youth, already placed among the first musicians of the day, and in a position which will ensure the production of his works, he has an unobstructed field for the development of his genius, and it may be truly said that his future is in his own hands.

Mr. Svendsen is at present on a visit to New York, and will make a short tour through the country previous to returning to his duties in Leipzig. On his arrival here he married a young American lady, the daughter of an old and respected citizen of New York, Dr. M. Levett, the celebrated dentist. Their acquaintance commenced in Leipzig, where her brother was pursuing his musical studies, and that acquaintance culminated in marriage, which was recently solemnized. So that we in America have a double interest in the future of Svendsen.—*Watson's "Art Journal"* (N. Y.)

[We know nothing whatever of Herr Svendsen; but if he be only half what the Leipzig journal makes him, we shall be glad of his further acquaintance.—A. S. S.]

MADRID.—Signor Bottesini's opera, *Ali Baba*, will be produced, on the 10th September, at the Zarzuela theatre.

* Berlioz would have been as much surprised at this as either Gade or Bennett.

MUSIC IN THE BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The system of musical instruction in the public schools of Boston has long been held up to the world as a model. The world, or at least that part of it included in the Eastern and Middle States, has accepted it as such. When the process of development in any town or city has reached the point at which the introduction of music into the schools was resolved upon, the thoughts of the community have turned at once to Boston, as furnishing the example of all others most worthy of imitation. In deciding to attend the Sessions of the National Musical Congress, held in that city June 20, 21, and 22, devoting a week for the purpose which could not well be spared, one of the strongest inducements presented to our mind was the opportunity that would then be afforded for gaining a knowledge of the system of public school instruction of which we had heard so much.

What did we find?

The question shall be faithfully and impartially answered. The forenoon of the second day of the Congress was devoted entirely to the schools. The delegates visited representative schools of the four different grades, as indicated to them by the music committee, Mr. Underwood, the chairman of the committee, accompanying them. The first illustration was of the method pursued in the primary schools, given by the Supervisor of that department, Mr. L. W. Mason. Mr. Mason stated that the first six months was mostly given to the cultivation of the ear and voice, and the practice of rote singing. We were greatly pleased to observe the careful treatment of the tender voices of the children. The contrast with the ruinous shouting and screaming so often heard in the infant rooms was most agreeable. During the last half of the year the pupils are taken through the simplest principles of notation. These principles seem to be thoroughly taught, and a solid foundation is laid for future progress.

The next grade is the lower grammar school under the care of Mr. J. E. Holt. Some interesting exhibitions of the proficiency of the pupils were given in this department. They sang the tones of the scale readily as called for by the teacher, and also sang exercises in two parts as indicated with the pointer upon the blackboard. Two young girls went to the blackboard, and while one sang a variety of tones, diatonic and chromatic (beginning with A), the other wrote them readily upon the board. To test the matter thoroughly, the writer of this article was requested to give what might be called a verbal dictation lesson. He sang a number of tones with quite difficult intervals, all of which were correctly written by the pupil except in one case, when, after singing E, D sharp, a seventh above was sung. The failure in this instance was not at all surprising.

The next grade (the higher grammar school) is under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland. The training exercise, especially the singing in three parts from the blackboard, was finely done, and formed a good preparation for the rendering of classical music, by familiarizing the pupils with the oblique and contrary movement of parts, and with various dissonant chords. One exercise, however, we regard as highly objectionable. The triads based upon the tones of the scale of C were written upon the board, the class was divided into three parts, and exercised by pointing. For instance, in the first chord, while one part held the tone G, the other parts were made to sing up and down in divers ways. But in each case they were brought back to the triad, and all three of the parts were then moved simultaneously to the next triad above. Those of our readers who are familiar with the laws of harmony will not need to be told that the pupils were thus made to ascend the scale in a series of consecutive fifths. For the benefit of the general reader, it may be stated that this is something as if a teacher of elocution should give his class ungrammatical sentences to practise. Several compositions by Mendelssohn and other of the great composers were admirably rendered by the school, after which some enquiry was made as to the ability of the pupils to sing at sight. It was agreed that a practical test would be the most satisfactory answer to this question. The writer was therefore requested to place an example upon the board—an extemporaneous one, that it might be absolutely certain to be new to all the pupils. A lesson was written in the key of D. It was in the form of a common meter tune, the metrical form being precisely that of the tune *Downs*, and the melody very little more difficult, if any, than the air of that tune. As an example of sight reading, it was an utter failure. There is no disguising this fact. It is with no motive but that of benefiting the cause of music that we thus give publicity to the surprising result. Indeed this step is made necessary by the flattering accounts of the affair that were given by the Boston daily papers. It is not strange that the representatives of those papers should have desired to make as favourable a report as possible, but the interests involved are too important to allow the event to pass unnoticed. If the system of instruction in Boston is imperfect and faulty, the fact should be known, that other communities may not be left to adopt those faults and imperfections, supposing them to belong to a good and thorough system. One paper went so far as to say that "Mr. T. F. Seward wrote a difficult exercise upon the blackboard, which

was readily performed by the pupils," &c. All who were present on the occasion, and who are capable of judging, are aware of two facts: first, the exercise was *not* difficult, and secondly, it was *not* sung at sight by the pupils.

This passing incident may prove to be of immense value to the cause of musical education in the country at large. It is certain that the subject has heretofore been passed over too easily. Instead of applying severe and accurate tests, by which the actual progress of pupils could be ascertained, brilliant and showy performances have been accepted and applauded without a question as to whether they were an indication of the amount of technical knowledge really possessed by the scholars or not. In most cases they have been merely "show pieces," prepared for effect, and indicating no more certainly the amount of knowledge underneath, than does an elaborate jewel case give a hint as to the value of its contents. It may contain articles of priceless worth, or it may be empty, or it may prove to be like one of the more expensive valentines, full of embossed and gilt-edged nothingness.

In order to derive the full benefit of the experience at the Everett school, it may be well to consider wherein lies the weakness of the Boston system. It lies chiefly in the *want* of system. There is no unity of design or effort among the various teachers. Mr. Mason, as we have already said, lays a good foundation. We judge that Mr. Holt endeavours to supplement his efforts, and to carry forward the pupils, consistently, from the point at which he receives them from the primary schools. But with Mr. Sharland there is a "new departure." He has engrafted upon his method the pernicious uses of the syllables in a fixed position, after John Hullah of England, not seeming to be aware of the fact that, as a means of popular education in England, Hullah's system has failed utterly. It is a practice which Sir John Herschel declared to be "the greatest retrograde step ever taken in the teaching of music or any other branch of knowledge."

Of the condition of things in Mr. Eichberg's (the highest) department, we cannot pretend to judge. The scholars sang well, but there was no test of proficiency applied, and we received the impression (whether justly or not) that no such test was desired by Mr. Eichberg.

No adequate results can possibly be expected from the introduction of music into the public schools unless some system is adopted—a *real* system—and properly carried out. The simplest rules of common sense must lead to this conclusion. There ought to be one person to supervise the whole field, and see that the various grades are suitably related to each other, and that the instruction is carried progressively from the lowest grade to the highest, or else there ought to be the most perfect understanding and sympathy between the different teachers, in order that the same practical result may be attained.

There is a singular lack of appreciation on the part of the public as to the kind of teacher that is needed for this work. Neither great scientific knowledge nor high abilities as a performer are necessary qualifications for the elementary instructor. One person may be able to compose a grand fugue, and another to perform it with marvellous execution upon the pianoforte or organ, yet there is nothing in either of these gifts that increases the value of its possessor as a teacher of music in the public schools. In fact, such attainments would be pretty sure to be in the way, for there are few who have such talents who can resist the temptation to make use of them, whether circumstances justify that use or not. What is wanted is a person who has the ability to systematize his work, and who is prepared by study and experience to teach or to direct other teachers through all the steps of a well-digested course. He may not be able to play upon any instrument, or to sing a fine song, but he knows what work needs to be done, and just how to do it. When his course of instruction is completed, the pupil will understand thoroughly the fundamental principles of music, and will know how to apply them. He will be able to read music as readily as he reads his newspaper. This result is rarely attained, and yet it is the legitimate one, and one that the public have a right to demand. The singing of certain pieces, however artistically, is no more to be regarded as a sufficient fruit of musical instruction than is the recital of certain literary selections with fine oratorical effect, to be accepted instead of the ability to read.

We are far from wishing to underrate the value of tasteful culture. This feature of the Boston higher schools is admirable. Yet it is, after all, secondary in importance. At least it has no right to take the place, in any degree, of elementary instruction. This whole subject needs to be thoroughly studied and discussed. We hope that great good will come out of that morning's visit by the national Musical Congress to the public schools of Boston.—*American paper.*

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—*The Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The operatic season at Drury-lane Theatre terminated on Saturday night, with a very effective performance of Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, which had already during the week been played twice previously. We can, however, hardly be persuaded that the revival of this *opera seria*, composed in 1831, and produced at Milan, with Pasta, Rubini, and Galli in the three principal characters, was a wise step on the part of the management. With Pasta and afterwards Grisi in the part of the Queen, Lablache and afterwards Tamburini in that of the king, Rubini and afterwards Mario in that of Percy, it enjoyed for a good many years a certain vogue. The exclamation of Anna Bolena—"Giudici, ad Anna!"—when admonished by the King that the judge alone shall exculpate or condemn her, and "Vivi tu," the tender address in which Percy endeavours to induce his friend Rochford to accept the offered pardon of the King, were points upon which amateurs at one time never tired of dwelling. But the day for such things, it is to be feared, has gone by. *Anna Bolena* was doubtless the first work through which the prolific composer was able to make his mark, but by no means, as so many hastily contend, the work in which he effectually threw aside the influence of Rossini and declared his own individuality. On the contrary, notwithstanding the many charming passages to be found in the score, the opera abounds in *cantabile* phrases, florid ornaments, and, indeed, entire pieces, which, when not absolute plagiarisms, are at best pale reflexes of the manner of the great popular idol of the day, who, it should not be forgotten, was only Donizetti's senior by six years.

How frequently *Anna Bolena* was performed at one period in Her Majesty's Theatre; how it was brought out at the Royal Italian Opera—for Grisi, Mario, Tamburini, Corbari (Jane Seymour), and Alboni (Smeaton); how it was again revived at Her Majesty's Theatre, for Madame Barbieri Nini; how at the same house Madame Pasta made her last unhappy apparition on the boards, in the second and most striking act; how an English version was produced by Mr. Maddox at the Princess's Theatre; in short, how generally familiar it has been, and is still, to all admirers of Italian opera who cherish their reminiscences of by-gone times, and frequently refer to them, need hardly be said. To describe the plot and analyze the music of *Anna Bolena* at this time would be to the last extent superfluous. What the story of the librettist has absolutely in common with history as now accepted, seeing how librettos have been manufactured since Italian opera was instituted, is of the slightest possible consequence; nor would a new discussion about the relative position of its music, when compared with that of some later compositions in which the genius of Donizetti is exhibited at its maturity, answer any purpose. The opera has existed now some 40 years—not in MS., like the *Astree Fenning's*, and so many other works of Cimarosa, but printed both in full orchestral score and in more convenient forms for amateurs; so that all who care to do so may readily make acquaintance with it. That a moderately industrious search into the catalogue of neglected works might have furnished more than one better suited to the taste of the present day, as well as to the capacities of our actual race of dramatic singers, is, we think, incontestable. Nevertheless, on the other hand, the *dilettanti* who can see little or nothing in Verdi, and are yet not sufficiently ardent worshippers of the past to welcome a revival of Gluck, Cherubini, or even Mozart, were doubtless pleased once again to renew their impressions of this early effort of the man who subsequently attained such wide renown, and whose *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Favorita*, and other pieces, not to speak of his comic, and in the opinion of many his best, operas, have kept the stage for more than a quarter of a century.

Had Mdle. Tietjens essayed *Anna Bolena* ten years earlier she would doubtless have created a far deeper impression; for her conception of the character is admirable, and her execution powerful throughout. At the first and second representations she was evidently indisposed; her voice was not "in order," and she was unable to give effect to those trying passages where effect has been elaborately studied by the composer. But on Saturday night she was more fully in command of her resources, and gave a striking portrayal of the unhappy Queen—rising in the second and finest act to the highest requirements of the

character, both in a dramatic and a musical sense. To avoid unnecessary detail, we may add that the duet in which Jane Seymour confesses to the Queen that she is her triumphant rival in the affections of Henry, and the scene in which the long-suffering Anna, after listening to her husband's reproaches on account of Percy, is suddenly aroused to fury by the insinuation that her page, Smeaton, has also been regarded by her with favour, afforded the grandest opportunities for the display of Mdle. Tietjens's powers. Of these she availed herself with eminent success, in each instance raising the enthusiasm of the house. Mdle. Sinico, perhaps as excellent a representative of Jane Seymour as could easily now be met with, was of no little importance in the duet, and well earned her share of the applause. Mdle. Fernandez, one of Mr. Mapleson's most recent and certainly not one of his least valuable acquisitions, is a thoroughly competent Smeaton, and sings the little air, "Ah! pareo che per incanto" (the apostrophe to Anna's portrait) with true and unaffected expression. We cannot eulogise the Percy of Signor Prudenza for anything but earnestness. This gentleman's intentions are unquestionably good, and he is by no means wanting in intelligence; but when we add that even in the well-known "Vivi tu" he fails to make a strong impression, we have said enough. The Henry VIII. of Signor Agnesi is a worthy companion to the Anna of Mdle. Tietjens. In spite of an absurdly exaggerated vermilion beard, the one objectionable feature of his costume, he looks the character of the fickle and remorseless monarch to admiration, and acts it like an artist who can not only think for himself but possesses the ability to carry out what he conceives so as to make it at once intelligible and acceptable. Better sustained from first to last the portraiture could hardly have been. Though a Frenchman, Signor Agnesi has studied to such good purpose as to make himself a master of the Italian school of singing, and thus, not only in the phrases of emphatic declamation, but in certain florid passages which fall to his share, his execution is irreproachable. In short, Signor Agnesi is a Henry VIII. with whom Donizetti himself would, in all probability, have been more or less content. The small parts of Rochford and Harvey are ably supported by Signors Caravoglia and Rinaldini; so that the "cast" of *Anna Bolena*, according to existing circumstances, is unquestionably efficient. The general execution, in so far as orchestra and chorus are concerned, could hardly be surpassed; and this was especially noticeable on Saturday, when, as if to give all possible credit to the last night of the season, Sir Michael Costa took even more than usual pains to show what could be done by first-class instrumental players under first-class superintendence. The whole performance was keenly enjoyed, and the audience was liberal in applause, recalling Mdle. Tietjens and the other chief artists after both acts, and Mdle. Tietjens twice alone at the end of the second. The National Anthem was then sung by the chorus; and after this, in obedience to a general summons, Sir Michael Costa came forward and was unanimously greeted—a distinction justly due to his exertions and to the success attending them.

We have followed so regularly the various performances of the season—which, on the whole, although only one of three novelties announced was actually forthcoming, has done credit to the management—that we are absolved from further remarks. Fourteen operas were given, in the following order:—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Linda di Chamouni*, *Norma*, *Faust*, the *Trocatore*, the *Sonnambula*, *Fidelio*, the *Huguenots*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Robert le Diable*, the *Figlia del Reggimento*, *Semiramide*, *Rigoletto*, and *Anna Bolena*—by whom, and under what conditions, need not be recapitulated. Several artists previously unknown to this country were brought forward with varied success, the one who made the liveliest impression being, through repeated indisposition, of less substantial service to the enterprise than might otherwise have been the case. Mdle. Marie Marimon, from whom so much was expected, and whose first appearance created such enthusiasm, was, unfortunately, only able to appear in two operas—the *Sonnambula*, and the *Figlia del Reggimento*. The public have really not had a fair opportunity of testing Mdle. Marimon; for though she came to us accredited with remarkable versatility, it yet remains for her to show that she has been accredited fairly. If, however, as we are informed, she is to appear during Mr. Mapleson's annual "short winter season" at

Covent Garden, it is to be hoped that the general state of her health may prove less capricious.

ANNA BOLENA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Coinciding with much that you have so eloquently written respecting the opera of *Anna Bolena*, and still more with what you have advanced as to the general performance of that work at Drury Lane as compared with what the representation was when Rubini's "Vivi tu" was the "thing" of the opera, I beg to observe that I venture to regard opera from a somewhat different standpoint from that whence you appear to take your observation. An opera, in my opinion, must be subjected to a different sort of criticism from that of a symphony, where we look for *form, design, melody, and treatment of melody, cum multis aliis*. You, perhaps, stagger at what I have said, and think me uninformed. Perhaps I am; but wait a bit. An opera, by which I mean a musical drama, requires *plot, scenic effect for the purpose of illusion, melody, and a sufficiency of orchestral accompaniment to give colour and vitality*. A symphony addresses itself to the imagination solely through the ear; an opera, through the eye and the ear—the former sometimes triumphing over the latter. The symphony is estimated aesthetically, and submits itself chiefly to the musical understanding, and secondarily to the feelings. But with the opera it is the reverse. First, the feelings are addressed, and then the understanding. None can fully appreciate a symphony who has not been educated to it; but for the estimation of an opera, but little study is requisite. The frequenters of the Operahouse demand in an opera, first, an interesting plot, that their attention may be sufficiently rapt; next, music whose chief excellence is melody, that their ear may be pleased, and enough of orchestral treatment to give the requisite colour to the whole. Beyond this they do not look, and any attempt on the part of a composer to produce more, too often ends in failure;—a few of Meyerbeer's operas to wit. Hence it is that *La Sonnambula* is a success (if *Guglielmo Tell* had such a plot, what an opera!) and *Fidelio*—operatically speaking—a failure. To appreciate the former, the eye and the ear are always kept open. To form a true judgment as to the merits of the latter, it is best to keep the ear open and the eye closed. This proves its failure as an opera. The opinion I have advanced as to *Fidelio* has been corroborated over and over again by Germans whose estimate of Beethoven is probably higher than any held by Englishmen or Italians respecting the great composer of the C minor Symphony. In forming a judgment, therefore, concerning *Anna Bolena*, it is hardly an ingredient that the treatment the melodies receive is inadequate, seeing that in opera the musical intellect is not addressed. The plot, the situation and the melodies of *Anna Bolena*, apart from the perversion of history in the first (which is nothing, else what opinion would be formed of Sir Walter Scott!) are more than sufficient to justify the management of Drury Lane in sparing no expense in putting this opera on the stage, and although the gem of the opera of 30 years since ("Vivi tu") passes by almost unnoticed (we're no Rubini now), the general performance of the work is such as to command hearty commendation, while the character of the heroine gives Mdlle. Tietjens a rare opportunity, of which she fully avails herself, of adding to her long list of great creations a character which, for its general requirements, demands genius of the very highest order, and physical gifts of which no artist that I know of but Tietjens is possessed.

Here I leave off, that the digestion of the operatic readers of the *Musical World* may not have too much of a meal at one sitting; with the promise that, should your indulgence be extended to me, I will furnish them with *un altro pasto* at the right time, which may cause them to open their musical mouths still wider. Meanwhile, I hold myself happy in the possession of the name of

MILDEW MUSTY.

Fungus Marsh, August, 1871.

[As our correspondent says that *Fidelio* is an operatic failure, and that the "intellect" is not addressed in opera, his arguments may pass for what they are worth.—A.S.S.]

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—Since numerous incorrect and unauthorised paragraphs upon the subject are floating about the press, will you kindly permit me to state that this theatre will re-open, under my own management, with the Royal National (English) Opera, on September 30th; that Miss Rose Hersee, now on her way from America, will make her *rentrée* here on that date, and that I have entered into no arrangements which can at all affect this programme.—Yours truly,

August 8th.

MRS. JOHN WOOD.

LIMA.—The Italian operatic company, engaged for the ensuing season, had rather a bad passage from Italy. They open with *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

STATE PATRONAGE OF MUSIC.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

Among all the musical events recorded in this country from year to year, it would puzzle the ingenious to find one with so little satisfaction in its details and results as a State Concert. Under direct Royal sanction, one might suppose that some consideration would be shown to English musical art, either in its living professors, or in the music of departed native composers; but nothing of the sort takes place. English artists and English music are alike ignored, save in one solitary item which is generally allowed a place in the programme, just to protect the promoters from what might prove an unpleasant expression of public opinion. Were the directors of these State Concerts to adopt a more national and patriotic course, and thus give a direct encouragement to native talent, the concerts would exercise a most important influence on the music of the country, and elevate the art to its legitimate standard. A result of this nature ought decidedly to be the object of State Concerts, but we fear such a contemplation has no place whatever in their organisation. We question indeed whether the audiences on these occasions really care one jot about music at all; a circumstance which is probably due to the marked want of nationality in the programmes. A singular but nevertheless significant proof of this view of the matter is given in the *Graphic* illustrated newspaper of the 1st instant. A picture of the hall and the audience in Buckingham Palace on the 21st ult. is here represented, the artist having chosen for his point of observation a seat on the right of the orchestra, consequently with the entire assembly in front of him. He introduces into the foreground a lady whom he represents as singing "Home, sweet home," perhaps as an encore song. The vocalist has the audience in her immediate front, but among all the faces which were near enough for the artist to distinguish their expression, there is not one represented as paying attention to the music. Some of the company are pictured as in lively conversation; others display an apparently supreme indifference, while more are listlessly indolent in attitude, paying no attention to the orchestra. The picture, we have no doubt, is thoroughly honest and faithful, as the gentleman who took the sketch could have no other object in producing the result he has done. He would be there in the strict discharge of his duty as a professional artist, having first received permission to be present on these conditions, and his pencil has simply produced a correct reflex of what his eyes beheld. And what does it prove? Why, either that the audience was not musical, or that individually they were conscious of an injustice being done to native talent. But this has been the case with all State Concerts of late years, contrasting rather unfavourably with the patronage afforded to native musicians in former reigns. The existing state of things is, we presume, entirely due to the advisers of Her Majesty in such matters; hence the reflections we make are, of course, applicable to these advisers, who so systematically slight the feelings of Englishmen. That Her Majesty would not willingly tolerate such a course we are quite confident; nor is it to be expected that the Queen could personally attend all State Concerts, as well as other concerts where preparations are made for her reception. As closely associated with what has just been commented upon, we may further observe that the Royal box, so magnificently fitted up at the Crystal Palace on the occasion of the recent Handel Festival, was never occupied. How was this? Was it from the want of inclination or from positive neglect? For this festival four thousand or five thousand musicians and singers assembled, at a great sacrifice of time and money, to assist in showing England's enthusiasm in the cause of music, and to do honour to the memory of a composer who in his lifetime was an especial favourite of Royalty; yet there was no Royal approbation of the gathering, except the previously announced patronage—a mere fallacy in the absence of all personal countenance. Surely an orchestra of four thousand musicians and an audience of twenty thousand people formed a sight for a Queen to see! That no members of the Royal family could find the opportunity to attend these grand gatherings is a fact which is certainly inexplicable, and also most discouraging. Cannot the Prince of Wales be induced to give a little attention to so important an element in English social life as music? His personal interest and influence in so necessary a feature of a well-governed society is much to be desired, for his own as well as for the public welfare. The marked neglect shown to the late Handel Festival by the Royal family has already evoked sarcastic comments on the circumstance of the twin sisters, or "Two-headed Nightingale," having received an invitation to Buckingham Palace, to give a vocal performance.

There was a time even in the present reign when music, the music of our own country, would not have been so slighted; and there is no concealing the unpleasant feelings which must arise in the national mind, in contemplating the parallel instances of the total neglect of the Handel Festival, and the slight recognition given to English music at the State Concerts; and all this at a time when the Royal Albert Hall, to become a successful undertaking, requires a steady and permanent development of, acquaintance with, and appreciation of, musical art.

GEORGE ONSLOW.

No composer of classical chamber-music better deserves to be remembered in future ages than George Onslow—an artist whose compositions show at once the excellence of his models and his own high attainments. His works, in point of time, occupy the interregnum between the death of Beethoven and the general spread of the style and influence of Mendelssohn. It is indisputable that superiority in chamber-music belongs to the German School; only two composers of other nationalities having produced works of sufficiently high standing and skilful elaboration to rank with those of the great German masters. We allude to Bocherini and Onslow, the first of whom may be classed with Haydn as one of the first composers of stringed chamber-music, whilst the latter may be considered as the best composer in this elevated style who has flourished of late years. In George Onslow's works we may trace the influence of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven to such a degree, that he might have passed for a true German composer, in spite of his English nationality and education.

George Onslow was born in 1796, being descended from a rich English and noble family, some branches of which had emigrated to North Carolina, and founded the county of Onslowshire. He received a very liberal education, and having shown at an early age a love and appreciation of music, he was instructed in the use of several instruments, especially the piano and the violin, obtaining on the latter a degree of executive dexterity such as incited general admiration. Before he was sixteen years old, an eager impulse was born within him to obtain more precise instruction in his favourite art; but his parents, being people who looked upon music merely as an agreeable pastime, entertained fears that his predilection in favour of it would cause him to devote himself entirely to a pursuit they considered trifling, to the detriment of his worldly prospects. In consequence, they strove to deprive him of all means and aids to musical advancement. These obstacles, however, only served to increase his ardour, and in these early years of his life we may perceive the tender and beautiful plant of genius which afterwards so highly fulfilled its youthful promise. At the age of eighteen he sacrificed all—position, fortune, and home, and set out for Vienna, resolved to perfect himself in the divine art he had chosen to follow. There a great master created in him a desire to approach, to admire, and to breathe the artistic atmosphere in which he lived,—that master was Beethoven. Now set out upon the voyage of life, he gave all the energy and perseverance that were in him to the study of chamber-music, the centre of his inspirations being the quartet for strings, founded upon the model of Beethoven's incomparable works.

After staying for some years in Vienna, he went to France, buying an estate near Clermont, where he passed the remainder of his life, save that he spent his winters in Paris, and devoted himself entirely to music. In 1836 he was elected a member of the Institute, after having several times occupied the office of professor at the Conservatoire. In the next year he was nominated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Highly estimated by all artists, he sided with no party, but preserved an independent and unbiased judgment; his character and conversation being serio-humorous, no doubt enhanced his popularity. His works show the best and purest writing, but present difficulties which only the best artists can execute. This has probably been a bar to their general diffusion; they are in strict imitation of the style of Beethoven, but are more fantastic and equally abounding in surprising motives and figures. They are works full of the fruit of extensive knowledge, evincing an astonishing versatility in harmony, combined with expertness and ability in the management of the various instruments. Onslow's most admired productions are: The Sextet, Op. 30; 3 Quintets with two violoncellos, Op. 17, 18, 19; 3 Quintets, Op. 23, 24, 25; the Quartets, Op. 4, 8, 9, 10 and 21; the Sextet for piano and wind-instruments; Trios for piano, viol., and violoncello, Op. 3, 14, 20, 26, 27; Sonatas for piano and violin, Op. 11, 15, 16, 31; Sonatas for piano for two performers, Op. 7, 22, 26, 27—the Sonata, Op. 7, in F minor, being considered a *chef-d'œuvre*; Variations for the piano, Op. 5, 13, 28. His operas have not left a great impression on the profession nor on the public. The *Colporteur* is the best of them. The overture is frequently performed at concerts.

Onslow was, in the real meaning of the word, an accomplished master, with the rare faculties of fertile invention and exquisite taste, and possessed alike of genius, profundity, aptitude, and diligence. If he shows any weakness, it is in a tendency to be hyper-pathetical in style, and technically in a too frequent use of the diminished seventh and its relative harmonies and arpeggi'd chords through several octaves. Onslow was the last of our original composers of stringed chamber-music, and he wrote his best works at a time when the proper form of construction began to disappear and degeneration showed itself. Through Mendelssohn he was put in the background for some time, for Mendelssohn was quite equal to him in form, and in expression more deep and copious. Mendelssohn enriched the art with new and grand subjects; he tried to bring back to modern music the intensity and fervour of the Old German Christian composers, Bach and Handel. Who

does not understand Mendelssohn in his musical inspirations, will, at all events, anticipate by a secret feeling his importance as a restorer. Onslow must still be considered as a creator of standard classical music, and his works in every branch will be acknowledged as music of superior merit.

It is remarkable that Onslow, as an Englishman, should have been neglected by his countrymen. Few of his productions are published or reprinted in this country, nor do I remember having heard any of his works performed in public in the course of 23 years, excepting the Overture to the "Colporteur" and the Sonata in F minor. I hope that next season we may hear some of Onslow's compositions performed at the Monday Popular Concerts, as I feel sure their able director will be proud to establish a neglected composer in his proper place in the public estimation as a great classical master.

London, August, 1871.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

[Onslow's works are much better known and have been much more frequently performed in England than Dr. Rahles seems to imagine.—Ed.]

MUSIC AT THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The "divine art" was not wholly shut off from connexion with science during the recent meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh. Professor Oakeley, Mus. Doc., gave an organ recital on one of the days to the members and associates, or as many of them as could be tastefully decorated with palms, plants, and wreaths, and, in the face of accommodated in the Music class-room of the University. The room was Mr. Darwin's opinion, that "neither the enjoyment nor the capacity of music are faculties of the least direct use to man," it was refreshing to see modern science committing itself to so marked a recognition of this important branch of the *quadrivium* of ancient philosophy. The amount of interest and applause that the performances elicited showed that the *savans* and *savantess* present were not Darwinites as to music, whatever their views might be as to the "Descent of man." The strangers who heard this magnificent instrument, played with such finish and taste by Dr. Oakeley, must have carried away a decided impression that the Scottish capital is not utterly destitute of the means of musical culture. The first part of the programme consisted of compositions for the organ, the second of organ adaptations and arrangements:—

Prelude, No. 1, Op. 11, Brosg; Air from Church Cantata, No. 68, Fugue in C major, Bach; Andante con moto, Fantasia in C minor, Berens; Andante Religioso, and Allegretto from Sonata No. 4, Mendelssohn; Choruses—(a), "How excellent Thy name" (*Saul*); (b), "May no rash intruder" (The "Nightingale" Chorus) (*Solomon*), Handel; Andante, String Quartet, No. 2, Mozart; Andantino, "Rosamunde," Schubert; Pastorale, in F major, Kullak; Chorus, "The Heavens are telling" (*Creation*), Haydn.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.

A new operatic trifle has been presented here, written by Mr. J. B. Johnstone, and called *A Romantic Tale*, the music being selected from the works of Balfe, Bishop, and other composers. The fable is trite, and appears to be derived from some such old-fashioned ballet as *La Fille mal gardée*, enriched with supernatural complications. An elderly burgomaster is plagued by an undutiful daughter and her poor but unscrupulous lover, and is further afflicted by alternate visits from a wicked fiend and a good fairy. The main object of the operetta appears to have been the introduction of Mr. Cave, the manager of the Victoria Theatre, to a West-end audience. Lambeth has long resounded with Mr. Cave's fame as a grotesque pantomimist and a deliverer of those "patter" songs which are less to be considered as musical performances than as feats of rapid articulation. Mr. Cave appears as the burgomaster, and though the part does not supply him with very ample opportunities for the display of his peculiar gifts, he succeeds in rousing the enthusiasm of his audience. The actor's manner is humorous, and in the style of singing he most affects he has few rivals. Altogether, the verdict of Lambeth was thoroughly confirmed in Leicester Square, and Mr. Cave achieved a kind of triumph. Miss Sheridan appears as a harmless Mephistopheles, duly attired in the conventional black doublet and scarlet hose, but not otherwise a forbidding or alarming figure.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—My name having been advertised as one of the conductors of the forthcoming "Royal National English Opera," will you allow me to state that the announcement is erroneous, and that I have nothing whatever to do with the proposed undertaking.—Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

S, Albert Mansions, 10th August, 1871.

"BALFE STATUE" FUND.

THE COMMITTEE, representing the Proprietors of the Drury Lane Theatre, has accepted a proposal, made by the Friends of the late Mr. BALFE, to place in the Vestibule of the National Theatre a STATUE of our eminent Composer. Your kind support is requested in aid of this tribute.

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BIRTH.

On the 2nd August, at 46, Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, the wife of Signor BEVIGNANI (and niece of Mdlle. Tietjens), of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Monday, 7th August, at the Oratory, Brompton, Signor TITO MATTEL, to Mdlle. AMALIA COLOMBO.

On the 9th August, at St. Mary's, Bathwick, Bath, by the Rev. John Hugh Way, vicar of Henbury, assisted by the Rev. Bromley Way, rector of Stapleton, and the Rev. George Tugwell, rector of St. Mary's, Bathwick, NOWELL FITZURTON WAY, Capt. R.M.L.I., to MARY ANNE LOUISA PRIOR, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel GEORGE NELSON PRIOR, of 97, Sydney Place, Bath.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HORACE MAYHEW.—Of course. A protasis *must* harmonize with its apodosis. Mr. Mayhew has somehow got muddled.

ANTEATER.—The Papal palace at Rome is called the Vatican, from its situation on the Mons Vaticanus, at the extreme northwest of the city. It adjoins the Basilica of St. Peter, and is a little less than half a mile from the Castle of St. Angelo, with which it communicates by a covered gallery built by Pope John XXIII. about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The palace, which has grown up by degrees, exhibits great want of harmony in its architectural proportions. Little of the present edifice is older than Nicholas V. (1447).

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871.

THE musical critic of the *Observer* has independent notions of his own. Tant mieux. Here are one or two of his crotchets:—

"Sir Sterndale Bennett's pianoforte concertos resemble, as far as themes and treatment of the solo instrument are concerned, very closely those of Mendelssohn. Mendelssohn's, again, are detailed and laboured imitations of Weber's *Concertstück*. Compare, for instance, the *finale* of Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, or the introduction, main movement, and intermittent march of his *Copriccio Brillante* in B minor, with the equivalent parts of Weber's *Concertstück*."

Well, we have compared them, and find no resemblance whatever. Anyone who can call Mendelssohn's pianoforte concertos "detailed" (whatever that may mean) "and laboured imitations of Weber's *Concertstück*" must be a thought muddled in the harmonic department of his brain. As for the old, old story of Bennett and Mendelssohn, we are absolutely sick of it. Bennett's concertos might have been written had Mendelssohn's concertos never existed. The *Observer* critic would do very well occasionally to try one of Bennett's concertos (E flat major, C minor, or F minor), instead of wasting so much of his talent and industry, and so many hours that might be more profitably spent, on such music as the "concertos" of Chopin, which, after all, are no concertos at all, but mere jumbles of passages, without form or consequence, weakly instrumented for the orchestra and altogether uninteresting. But, of course, *English* music, to many Germans, means *no* music. The cool way in which the *Observer* critic—himself, if we are correctly informed, a pianist—dismisses such a masterpiece as Sir Sterndale Bennett's fourth concerto is to amateurs in this country, at the best, diverting, as diverting as his frigidly complacent patronage of Madame Arabella Goddard, another English artist. His talk about Mendelssohn is simply absurd.

Let Herr — try to compose as well as Sterndale Bennett, and play as well as Arabella Goddard. If he can achieve these things, we should be loth to press him too hard. Otherwise, we might recommend him to compose as well as Mendelssohn, and to play as well as Mendelssohn. Once thus far advanced, Mr. Manns would engage him for each Saturday autumn-spring-winter concert at the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan would write him concerto after concerto. Then the true gospel would be preached, and Sterndale Bennett, together with Arabella Goddard (*arcades ambo*), be sent to the limbo to which they should long since have been consigned. After all, bearing in mind the number of foreign composers and players in whose actual presence we rejoice, it is really monstrous that English music, even that of Mr. Cowen and Mr. J. F. Barnett, should be produced at the Crystal Palace or elsewhere—much more so that English players, under any circumstances, should be allowed to perform. Mr. Sullivan is naturally an exception; although while his symphony ("No. 2") in D, is still in an unfinished state, the symphony ("No. 2") in B flat, of Mr. Wingham (R.A.M.) is completed. Nevertheless, Mr. Sullivan was a "Mendelssohn Scholar," and Mr. Shakespeare is a "Mendelssohn Scholar," while Mr. Wingham, being no "Mendelssohn Scholar," is condemned to pursue his studies in London, under the advice and

counsel of Sir Sterndale Bennett. Unhappy Mr. Wingham!—We do not pity him at all; and yet we envy him his remarkable ability.

But how much can be hoped, in these times, for what Tom Moore would have styled a “*Merus Anglicanus?*” We verily believe that an English Beethoven, admitting the possibility of such a phenomenon, would have no chance.

To conclude—Mr. Cowen once wrote a symphony in C minor. Let him write another of the same calibre, and he may shake hands with Mr. Wingham. Our toast would be—“Good luck to both, and the more symphonies they compose for us the better!”

Mr. Wingham has not been allowed a trial at the Crystal Palace. What hope, then, is there for the late E. J. Loder's *Night Dancers*, about which, some time ago, our excellent and adventurous George Perren talked so profusely and so loudly?

A COMMUNICATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 487.)

THOUGH I did not then comprehend this clearly, it forced itself as an observation on my feeling, especially in consequence of my perceiving the extraordinarily strong impression produced by my *Flying Dutchman* upon single individuals. In Berlin, where, by the way, I was an utter stranger. I received from two persons—a man and a woman, whom, though previously unknown to me, the effect produced on them by *The Flying Dutchman* suddenly introduced to me—the first definite satisfaction and encouragement for the original course I had struck out. Henceforward I disregarded more and more the “public” properly so-called: the sentiments of separate and definite beings occupied, as far as I was concerned, the place of the opinion, never to be plainly seized, of the masses, who, until then, had floated, in the most indefinite outlines, before me—in this respect entirely thoughtless—as that to which I, as a poet, directed my communication. The *intelligence* of my purpose became more and more plainly the principal thing, and, in order to assure this intelligence, I unconsciously no longer turned to the masses, who were strangers, but to those individual personalities who, by their frame of mind and sentiments, were plainly present to me. This more definite position, towards those to whom I wished to communicate my thoughts, exercised henceforward a very weighty influence upon my artistic plasticity. If the impulse to communicate his purpose *intelligibly* is the impulse really giving the artist his plastic power, his activity will necessarily be decided by the peculiarity of him by whom he desires his purpose to be understood. If he has as such before him an undefined mass, not plainly recognisable, never to be seized with certainty in its inclinations, and, consequently, never to be truly understood *by himself*, such a mass as we find in the theatrical public of the present time, the artist will, of course, even for the presentation of his purpose, incline to a confused and indefinite configuration, often involuntarily losing itself in mere generality, nay—strictly speaking—he will incline even to a subject which cannot strike him as otherwise than adapted to a vague configuration. The unfavourable nature, resulting from such a position of matters, of the artistic work was now perceptible in my early productions to my perceptive power. I felt, it is true, looking at things in the modern theatrical world, the more significant import of my creations, but, at the same time, the indefinite and frequently obscure nature of the configuration of this import, to which the necessary, sharp individuality I have mentioned could not be too peculiar. If now I involuntarily directed my communicative impulse to the sensibility of definite individuals, who were confidential friends, thinking as I thought, I gained, by so doing, more certain and more distinct configurability. Without setting about my task with reflected premeditation, I cast off more and more the usual mass-like process of plastic figuration. I separated, more sharply, the object from its surroundings, in which it previously was often completely lost; and I thus, by rendering that object more distinctly prominent,

gained the power of compressing the surroundings themselves, out of operative and wide-stretching extension, into plastic forms.

It was under these circumstances, and on this plan, that I carried out my *Tannhäuser*, completing it after repeated and various interruptions.

With this work, I proceeded further with my development in the path struck out by me in *The Flying Dutchman*. I had applied my whole being in so self-consuming a manner to the task, and I recollect perfectly well that, the more I neared the conclusion of my labours, the more I was swayed by the notion that a speedy death would prevent me from ever bringing them to a termination, so that, on writing down the last notes, I felt completely free, as though I had escaped some danger threatening my life.

Immediately after the conclusion of this work, I was fortunate enough to have an opportunity of visiting a Bohemian watering-place for the re-establishment of my health. Here, as on each occasion when I had been able to withdraw from the air of the stage-lamps, and from my official duty in that atmosphere, I soon felt in a light and joyous mood; for the first time a merriness peculiar to my character manifested itself in me with artistic significance. With almost capricious premeditation, I had, a short time previously, decided on soon writing a comic opera; I remember that the well-meaning counsel of good friends had contributed to this decision, of friends who wished to see an opera written by me in the “lighter style,” because it would, they said, procure my admission to the German theatres, and thus obtain for my outward circumstances a success, the stubborn absence of which had certainly begun to threaten those circumstances with a very serious turn. As among the Athenians, a merry satirical piece followed the tragedy, there suddenly appeared to me upon my pleasure-journey the picture of a comic play which, in truth, as nearly related, could be appended to my *Siegerkrieg auf Wartburg*. This was *Die Meistersinger zu Nürnberg*, with *Hans Sachs* at their head. I conceived *Hans Sachs* as the last example of the artistically productive folk's-spirit, and opposed him, as representing this, to the Master-Singerish snobbishness, to the extremely droll and *tabelatur*-poetical pedantry of which I gave complete personal expression in the figure of the “Marker.” This “Marker” was, as every one knows (or as perhaps our critics did not know), the person appointed by the Guild of Singers to act as Superintendent, his duty being to “mark” with strokes the faults committed by the executants, more especially if candidates for admission, against the rules; whoever got a certain number of strokes against his name “failed in his singing” (had “*versungen*”). Now the Father of the Guild offered the hand of his young daughter to the master who at an approaching public singing match should win the prize. The Marker, who is already paying his addresses to the maiden, finds a rival in the person of a youth, a knight's son, who, inspired by the perusal of the *Book of Heroes*, and of the old Minnesinger, leaves his ancestral castle, stricken by poverty and falling to decay, for the purpose of learning in Nuremberg the art of the Master-Singers. He announces his desire to be received into the Guild, being prompted to take this step by a passion which has suddenly burst forth in his bosom for the prize maiden, “whom only a Master of the Guild is to win.” Being subjected to the examination, he sings an enthusiastic song in praise of women, but it gives uninterrupted offence to the Marker, so that after only half of his song, the candidate has failed (“*versungen*”). Sachs, who is pleased with the young man, frustrates—with an eye to his good—a desperate attempt to carry off the girl; in doing so, however, he finds an opportunity of fearfully affronting the Marker. The latter, who has spoken roughly to Sachs, with the intention of humbling him, about a pair of shoes he has not finished, takes up his station at night under the girl's window, for the purpose of singing her as a serenade, and thus testing, the song with which he hopes to win her, his object being to secure her vote, as she is to decide to whom the prize is to be awarded. Sachs, whose shop is opposite the house thus besung, begins singing loudly, when the marker does, because—as he informs the latter, who is indignant at his conduct—it is necessary for him to do so, if he would keep awake when he has to work so late; that the work is needed in a hurry, he observes, no one knows better

than the Marker himself, who has spoken so harshly to him about his shoes. At last he promises the poor wretch to desist, but on condition of being allowed to mark, in his manner as a shoemaker, the faults that he, following his feelings, may find in the Marker's song, that is, to mark each fault by a blow of his hammer on the shoe stretched on the last. The Marker sings; Sachs strikes the last violently and often. The Marker jumps up in a furious rage; Sachs calmly enquires whether he has concluded his song? "Not by a great deal," shouts the Marker. Sachs now laughingly holds the shoes outside his shop, and says they have just been completed, thanks to the "Marker's taps" given them. With the remainder of his song, which he howls out in despair, without any purpose, the Marker makes a sad mess with the female form that keeps violently shaking its head at the window. Disconsolate at this, he asks Sachs the next day to oblige him with a new song for his wooing. Sachs gives him a poem written by the young Knight, pretending not to be aware whence it emanates; he warns him, however, to be particular about having an appropriate tune, or "*Weise*," to which to sing it. The vain Marker fancies he is quite safe in this respect, and, before the public tribunal of the Masters and the crowd, sings the poem to a tune which is utterly unsuited to it, and destroys its character, so that he once more fails, and this time decisively. In a furious passion, he accuses Sachs of deception, for having foisted upon him a shameful poem. Sachs asserts that the poem is exceedingly good, only it requires to be sung to an appropriate melody. It is determined that whoever knows the fitting melody shall sing it. The young Knight does so, and wins the bride; but he rejects with scorn the offer now made to admit him into the Guild. Sachs defends, in a humorous manner, the Master-singership, and ends with the lines:—

"Zergin' das heil'ge römische Reich in Dunst,
Uns bliebe doch die heil'ge deutsche Kunst."*

(To be continued)

PROVINCIAL.

WEYMOUTH.—Through the instrumentality of Herr Van Heddeghem, the delightful promenade concerts, which were a source of great delight and attraction last year, have been resumed. Although the music was quite equal to that of previous occasions, in a pecuniary point of view the result was not quite so successful, owing, no doubt, to the fickleness of the weather. The great source of attraction was, no doubt, Herr Van Heddeghem's own composition of the "Siege of Paris," and to hear this a great number of our resident gentry and visitors was present. The band was under the conductorship of Herr Van Heddeghem, Mr. Board wielded the baton over the vocalists, and Mr. Gubbins presided at the harmonium. The vocalists are few in number as compared with last year, and for some reason two or three singers were unable to attend. The performances of the band, it is almost superfluous to say, were in every respect first-class. We understand the concerts are to be repeated weekly. Respecting the composition of Herr Van Heddeghem there can be no question (writes the *Southern Times*) as to its excellence and its title to rank as a composition amongst the highest works of dramatic music.

COLOGNE.—Herr J. Brandeis, a pianoforte manufacturer here, has, for some time past, been building pianos with an *obligato* pedal, exactly like an organ pedal. The pedal wires are placed at the back of the sounding-board, the pedal itself being most solidly constructed. By means of such instruments organists are enabled to practise fugues without leaving their room.

BONN.—The following artists will take part in the approaching Beethoven Festival:—Madame Bellingrath-Wagner, soprano; Madame Joachim, alto; Mdlle. Schreck, contralto; Herren Vogel, tenor; A. Schultze, bass; Joachim, violin; Hallé, piano; and Franz Weber organ. The programme, as at present arranged, runs thus:—20th August, Messe Solennelle; C minor Symphony.—21st August—Overture to *Leonore*; scene and aria: "Abschenlicher," from *Fidelio*; "Eroica"; March and Chorus from *Die Ruinen von Athen*; Violin Concerto; and Pianoforte Fantasia with chorus.—22nd August—Overture to *Coriolan*; "Elegischer Gesang," for four voices; Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major; Aria, "Ah, Perfido!" Overture to *Egmont*; and the Ninth Symphony. The duties of conductor will be divided between Dr. Ferdinand Hiller and Herr Wasielewsky.

* "And though the Holy Roman Empire pass'd away,
Yet holy German art would live for ever and a day."

Shuber Silber across the Operas.

By the season recently concluded at the Royal Italian Opera, the public, through no fault of the director, lost more than it gained. Cimarosa's *Astuzie Femminili* was added to the repertoire, and Signor Mario sang for the last time in England. Not many years ago, when Meyerbeer was still living, and Verdi had not ceased to write, it was possible at the end of each opera season to chronicle the production of one or more absolutely new works. New singers, too, would occasionally make their appearance with success, though the debut of a great vocalist, like the production of an operatic masterpiece, has always been a rare event. The Royal Italian Opera season, however, of 1871 would, but for the farewell performances of Signor Mario, have been quite uneventful. The manager did his utmost, but it is not his business to compose new works or to educate new singers. It is sufficient for him to introduce them to the public when they exist and are within reach. The difficulty of finding an absolutely new opera has again been strikingly exhibited in the production by Mr. Mapleson of *Anna Bolena*, a work which owes its comparative novelty to the fact of its having grown old and fallen into oblivion. Yet *Anna Bolena*, forty years ago, was looked upon as its composer's masterpiece, and deserved to be so considered up to that date. Donizetti had already written some forty or fifty operas, not one of which is now remembered, when in 1831 he brought out *Anna Bolena* at Milan, where, performed by Pasta, Rubini, and Lablache, it obtained almost as much success as *La Sonnambula*, an opera of the same year. It was Donizetti himself who destroyed the exceptional reputation at one time enjoyed by *Anna Bolena*. The year afterwards he produced *L'Elisir d'Amore*, which, if *Anna Bolena* was to be considered his serious masterpiece, had certainly a right to be regarded as his masterpiece in the comic style. Then came *Luceria Borgia*, then *Lucia di Lammermoor*, then *La Fille du Régiment*, and, finally (as far as Donizettian masterpieces are concerned), *La Favorita*. *Anna Bolena* had in the meanwhile suffered total eclipse; though as long as Madame Gries sang the principal part at Her Majesty's Theatre when the Royal Italian Opera was still the "Theatre Royal, Covent Garden"—it was justly regarded by English amateurs as one of its composer's finest works. All that can be said of it now is that it is the first work in which Donizetti exhibited his talent at something like its full development, and that it contains three leading parts, which in England are still associated with the names of Gries, Rubini, and Lablache. These parts were assigned at Her Majesty's Opera to Mdlle. Tietjens, Signor Prudenza, and Signor Agnesi, while the pretty minor part of Smeaton was sustained by that promising contralto, Mdlle. Fernandez. There must have been veteran *habitués* at Her Majesty's Opera during the past week who had not only seen Lablache, the last survivor of the original cast, as Henry VIII., but also remembered Rubini as Percy, and Pasta as Anna Bolena. The success of most performances—whether *succès d'estime* or *succès d'enthousiasme*—is due to the performance itself; but in the case of *Anna Bolena*, as represented during the last week of the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, such success as was obtained seems to have been due to the reminiscences that were called forth.

MUTTONIANA.

Dr. Taylor Shoe having made a voyage round the world, in company with Drs. Queer, Wind and Chidley Pidding, returns to his post, and at once impinges the subjoined, from an old and respected correspondent:—

Dear Shoe.—The Roman Emperor Maximus was eight feet and a half in height, and of corresponding bulk. He wore his wife's bracelet as a thumb ring; his shoe was a foot longer than the foot of an ordinary man. Pliny (says he) saw a man nine feet nine inches high. Cotter, the Irish giant, born in 1761, and John Middleton, of Lancashire, born in 1758, were nine feet three inches. Patrick the palm of whose hand measured twelve inches, and his shoe seventeen inches, was eight feet seven. He (consequently) died in 1806. Big Sam, the porter of a Prince of Wales, was near eight feet. John Middleton was presented to James I, dressed in fantastic style, and employed in one of the Libraries of Oxford University; he was only six inches shorter than Goliath. Many will recollect the Kentucky giant, and M. Bihin, the Belgian giant.

Yours, dear Shoe, in a Muttonian sense,

PURPLE POWIS.

King and Beard, Aug. 9.

This Dr. Shoe (respectfully) admits is true in its grain. Nevertheless Mr. Ap' Mutton, his (Shoe's) honoured chief, now absent, is also a giant—twelve feet by seven. At the same time Dr. Shoe is uncertain whether Mr. Purple Powis ever saw—or if saw, measured—the inches of Goliath.

MUNICH.—The King of Bavaria has granted Herr Franz Lachner permission to make a public appeal for subscriptions wherewith to erect a monument to Moritz von Schwind.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE prize of five guineas, offered by the Ely Diocesan Church Music Society, for the best full anthem suitable for a festival of parish choirs, has been adjudged to Thomas Tallis Trimmell, Esq., organist of Chesterfield, Derbyshire. The composition bearing the motto "*Labor ipse voluitas*," by Mr. Keetor, of Peterborough, was "highly commended." Between thirty and forty exercises were sent.

There is a belief generally prevailing that the Handel Festival of 1871 is the last. This would be sad, but the cheese-paring Lowe-Gladstonian system seems now to be in course of universal adoption. The country element was too unsparingly eliminated from the recent celebration. *Hinc illa lachrymæ*. Sir Michael Costa has been solicited to be one of the conductors at the next great Boston Festival, with 20,000 singers; but when Sir Michael Costa wields the baton he admits no confederate.

The Strand Theatre has commenced the autumn season with Mr. John S. Clarke, the American comedian, who reappears as Dr. Pangloss, the character which he revived with success last year. Before his assumption of this part his talents had been almost exclusively displayed in pieces associated with his own name. His facial humour, which is unrivalled, and his fertility in the invention of comic conceits awakening successive roars from successive audiences, seemed to confine him within a limited sphere; but he took new ground in the younger Colman's *Heir-at-Law*, and showed that he could devise novel eccentricities in a path which had been trod by many predecessors. That section of the modern public which has been trained to a natural and somewhat subdued style of acting, as the perfection of histrionic art, should, however, be aware that a standard of excellence applicable on many occasions must not be applied to those grotesque creations of a school in which the presentation of oddity was the grand object. Colman's *Heir-at-Law* is a broad farce, with a sentimental underplot, and those who cannot laugh at Mr. J. S. Clarke's Dr. Pangloss because they are not likely to meet such a gentleman in their daily walk, deprive themselves of the entertainment to be derived from a recklessly comic author and an inimitably "funny" actor.

WHY it is necessary for popular writers always to follow the practice of painting "grey on grey," as the Germans have it, or rather "black on black," and, when they have to mention a personage justly unpopular for his vices, to assume at once that he never did anything without a vicious object? The cause of virtue, as well as that of good sense, is surely injured by this kind of unqualified indignation. We have before us Mr. Fitzgerald's new work on "The Kembles," in which every reader of the slightest amount of theatrical taste will find a good deal to entertain him. Why does he think it necessary to follow the vulgar suit in such a passage as this? "Even the doubtful compliment of the Prince of Wales's approbation was often offered to Mrs. Siddons. The same precious testimonial had been very recently bestowed on an actress at the same house, the luckless Perdita Robinson. But to the Muse of Tragedy he dared not make such profane advances." We know, unhappily, quite enough to the discredit of George IV. The world's verdict on him is that he was licentious, self-indulgent, unfeeling, false, and it is no vocation of ours to draw a bill of exceptions to it. But because he was all this, does it follow that he never made friends with a man except to corrupt him, or expressed his admiration of a woman except as a prelude to making coarse love to her? He was fond of the stage and fond of music, and his ordinary homage to those who excelled in either needs not to be interpreted as an insult. When the evil tendencies of his nature were not excited, he was a gentleman in his demeanour to women; often friendly, sometimes helpful, in his conduct with men. It is the indiscriminate blackening lavished in passages like this which tends to reaction; which has already done something towards whitewashing Charles the Second, and even Henry the Eighth, and which may end in performing the same favourable office for George the Fourth, just now the best abused of English sovereigns.

AMUSING THE PUBLIC.

Master Stephen Gosson, who wrote "A pleasant invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of a commonwealth," would find some curious texts for a discourse in the strange shows with which we are entertained at the present day. In order to get a microscopic survey of the odd world of amusing vanities, and of the persons who devote their lives and limbs to the business of diverting the public, it is only necessary to examine the advertising sheets of a journal specially concerned in promoting the interests of those against whom old Gosson set up his "flagge of defiance" in the year 1579. We propose to put before our readers the result of a short investigation recently made in the columns of a newspaper which is generally looked upon as the organ of the musical, equestrian, and theatrical professions.

It is not easy to classify the different species of show people developed by the demand for various kinds of abnormal talent. Occasionally the quadrupeds are offered as more accomplished and astonishing than the human bipeds; and the clown dog, for example, who can jeer with his hind-legs at his master, fairly claims to be reckoned among the Christian merry-men who are distinguished as talking clowns, singing clowns, knock-about clowns, and "extempore-punning" clowns. We discover a connection not to be ethnologically justified between what are known as Irish "comics" and nigger melodists. The manager who desires to furnish his establishment with one usually applies for the other; and a very pretty entertainment these blended mimetic nationalities must produce. Within the last twelvemonth, the cancan dancers have increased in popularity. They go on tours, like the stars of legitimate comedy, and the lady who leads the troop duly publishes the geographical area of operations with a flourish of "opinions of the press" on the corps. A celebrated artist of the chaste quadrille quotes the *Morning Post*, which referred to her ("the Champion Cancanist") as exhibiting something of the power which Garrick described in *Lun*—

"When *Lun* appeared with matchless art and whim,
He gave the power of speech to every limb."

The Champion Cancanist was quite right not to conceal so superb a compliment as this under a bushel. The gymnasts, male and female, muster in great force. One lofty and ambitious tumbler, referring to himself, like *Cæsar*, in the third person, declares that he "stands A 1 in his mid-air and Herculean entertainments. He does not introduce childish tricks, such as hanging by the toes and nose (!), dropping on to one leg quick to stun people and stunning *yourself*; doing leaps for life, which often end in death; what he accomplishes are sterling feats, executed with ease and grace, a pleasure to witness, combined with a smart appearance." We have also "electric" gymnasts (the name suggests the *gymnotus*), "who take a double leap for life every evening." The proprietor of a music-hall offers to accept the challenge of a rival *entrepreneur*, and will back his *Mdme. Cerissa* for £25, to outshine *Mdme. Le Blonde* on the double trapèze, in somersaulting, in piroetting, in hand-to-hand leap. When *Mdme. Le Blonde* is beaten in these feminine and elegant exercises, *Mdme. Cerissa* is open to a contest with any female acrobat in the universe. The lady globe-walker, we learn, is "the talk of the town," and "must be seen to be believed." A father who walks on a wire offers his son to represent a monkey, a dog, or a cat, for Christmas. The technical education of the youth does not seem to have been neglected by his parent. Another preparation for the amusement of the public is described as "the infantine essence of negro drollery." *Mdme. Wheeler* has a husband who manages the "Kalospinthechromokrose;" while Madame and a select party exemplify "living statuary, taken from mythology, illuminated with powerful lime-lights." A comedy is offered for sale, in the manner of a child's caul, in the *Times*—to save a sinking lessee from destruction. A gentleman who is retiring from the profession is ready to sacrifice the wig, moustaches, and banjo, with which he made his fortune, for a trifle. Panoramas are drugs in the market. A speculator in a panorama can have one dirt cheap with a lecturer, and "a man who understands naphtha lamps" thrown into the bargain. Musicians, on the contrary, are difficult to procure. A flute who would be content with life as it is in a lunatic asylum is tempted with £30 per annum, two suits of clothes in the year, and his meals. A "married bombardon" is another desideratum. "Musicians," writes a circus manager, in a tone of manifestly bitter facetiousness, "who cannot give 'two bars' notice without leaving need not communicate." The owner of the horses *Saladin* and *Sultan* wants an entire company of ladies and gentlemen to act up to these distinguished animals. Here is an attractive proclamation for a capitalist:—"Theatre to let. Population about 20,000. No place of amusement within thirteen miles."

The war naturally directed the inventive faculties of several artists into appropriate channels. A physiognomist, who before the outbreak of hostilities was satisfied with representing various characters with his own features alone ("ze phlegmatic man, ze religious man," &c.), is now nightly engaged in contorting his visage into a semblance of individual countenances—*Von Moltke*, *Bismarck*, and the Crown

Prince. When this performer first appeared, the *Spectator* had a most subtle and laborious essay on what was passing through his mind while he grinned; we hope our contemporary will give us a few speculations on the same topic after a visit to the war-faces of the mimic. Some light might be thrown upon the Alsace and Lorraine question by a vigilant study of Herr Schulze's grimaces. A comic singer, with a fine sense of humour, composed a side-splitting ditty on "The mitrailleur." We have by no means exhausted the list of showmen and women curiosities, but there is ample food for reflection on Belphegor and his tribe in the selection we have culled.

REVIEWS.

What might have been. Ballad. Words by ARTHUR CLYDE. Music by H. HENRIETTE. [London: Duncan Davison and Co.]

We have here one of those songs which trust for effect to a simple melody allied to simple words, both melody and words dealing with a subject which goes straight to the universal heart. "Henriette" has shown much refined feeling and just appreciation in her unaffected music, while, though the accent of the poetry does not in every instance coincide with that of the music, the ballad, as a whole, cannot fail to please. The melody is very moderate in compass, and adapted for almost any voice.

Una Povera Fanciulla. Romanza per contralto by LUIGI BADAIA. [London: Weippert & Co.]

This romance is in E minor, six-eight time. It is very much like other romances of the conventional Italian sort, and, though smoothly written, presents nothing calculated to excite more than a languid interest.

The Banner of the Nation. Song. Words by C. J. LACY. Music by L. BADAIA. [London: Weippert & Co.]

A very spirited and energetic song, of the manly patriotic sort;—some such song as, in time of national danger, would rouse the national spirit better than volumes of Government proclamations. The phrases, however, strike us as familiar, and the general character of the music is suggestive of reminiscences. We are far from sure that this fault is not a good one; because with extra zest do the patriotic welcome strains which have the true and accepted ring about them.

Bel Moretto. Canzonetta Polka. Composta da L. BADAIA. [London: Weippert & Co.]

A light, pretty, and graceful effusion in E flat, of moderate difficulty, and adapted for a soprano voice of average range. It may confidently be recommended as one of the most attractive things of its kind recently put forth. It may be superfluous to say this of a piece which is in its third edition, and has been sung by Madame Sinico, and other eminent artists. Nevertheless, we must say it with emphasis, in deference to our own sense of justice.

The Wreck of the Holy Cross. A song of the sea. [London: Weippert & Co.]

LOVERS of early English ballad literature and ballad music will welcome this edition of a very famous old ditty. Neither the melancholy story—what a lesson it teaches, by the way!—nor the characteristic tune need comment here; but it should be said that the pianoforte accompaniment shows due regard for the simplicity of ballad music.

Chime, Beautiful Bells. Song. Written by DESTER SMITH; composed by EUGENE LORAIN. [London: W. H. ROSS.]

The sentiment and expression of this music is a little overstrained, and the melodic phrases are somewhat disposed to fall into a cut-and-dried form. Nevertheless, there is a certain merit in the composition; if only the merit which springs from an evident purpose to do something in an independent way. A refrain in four-part harmony terminates each verse.

O, Gladsome Light. Evening song of praise. By JAMES F. SIMPSON. [London: W. H. ROSS.]

We have here a psalm-tune of the sentimental order, with no merit either of melody or harmony.

Wake, Lady, Wake. Serenade. Words by R. NEVILLE; music by JAMES F. SIMPSON. [London: W. H. ROSS.]

FLOWING and agreeable music is here, but it is so familiar that we look in vain for *raison d'être* which alone, in our day, can justify the production of new musical works.

ARNHEIM.—The tenth National Musical Festival began on the 4th and ended on the 7th inst. Among the works performed were a "Te Deum"—Verhulst; "Opwaarts"—Hol; "De Stern der Zee"—Coenen; "An den Sonnenschein"—Lachner; "Hansken van Oeldes"—Nicolai; "Berg en Del"—Verhulst; Solo and Chorus from the oratorio, *The Resurrection*—Heinze; "De Oranjevan and Folk's Song"—Wilme.

WAIFS.

Mr. James Wehli, the well-known pianist, has been in London for a short time, but returns almost immediately to America.

Mr. Palmer, one of the directors of Niblo's Gardens, New York, is in London, on a short visit.

Madame Parepa Rosa and Herr Carl Rosa sailed for New York on Saturday fortnight.

Mr. H. Jarrett, agent of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, has gone to Paris for a few days.

M. Gounod has returned to France. We trust that his visit to England has been agreeable to him.

Sir Julius Benedict left town for the season on Tuesday last for the Continent, and is not expected to return till early in September.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Madame Lind Goldschmidt have left town for the Continent.

Mr. P. S. Gilmore, in charge of the musical part of the programme at the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac, is in Boston.

Mr. Henry Leslie, at the request of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, has composed a part-song to be sung, as a test of sight reading, at their concert of children in the Crystal Palace, on Wednesday next.

Mr. Ferdinand Ludwig has left England on a tour through Germany. Mr. Ludwig will visit Leipzig and Vienna to fulfil various engagements, and then proceed to Italy.

Mr. Henry Toole, the well-known musical critic of the *Dublin Evening Mail*, who has been for some time in London, has returned to Dublin.

A rural paper lately announced that a young lady earned an encore for the exquisite way in which she gave a song called "An Angel's Whisker."

Henri Drayton, the English baritone, was stricken with paralysis at Rochester, N.Y., on the 15th ult., and his lower limbs paralyzed. His brain was not affected, and last accounts state that he was recovering.

Mdlle. Nilsson had an ovation at Nashville on the 3rd ult. She was serenaded by the United States 16th Infantry band, and a grand review of the troops was given in her honour.

Mr. Tolhurst's *Ruth*, now being rehearsed at Chatham, has been selected for the *début* of Miss Florence Ashton (pupil of Signor Lago), a young singer of considerable promise.

Herr Mosenthal has finished a new drama, entitled *Madeleine Moreau*, the subject of which is derived from the life of the society of the present day.

The marriage of Signor Tito Mattei and Mdle. Colombo (of the Italian Opera Buffa Company) took place on Monday last. The "happy pair" have gone to Spa (Belgium) for the honeymoon.

At the Royal Review at Dublin, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and suite rode along the whole line, the bands playing successively Mr. Brinley Richards' anthem, "God bless the Prince of Wales."

Mr. Charles Thomas, who for nearly sixty years has acted as organist in the parish church of Rye, has just resigned. During his lengthened services he has only been absent from his post two Sundays.

M. Léon Escudier, the well-known Paris music publisher, proprietor of the copyrights of all Signor Verdi's operas, and also of the journal *L'Art Musical* (which is shortly to reappear), was in London last week.

The *Washington Patriot* predicts music in Pennsylvania if Curtin comes home and joins in the political campaign. Geary and Curtin will never play second fiddle to Cameron, who is "a man of seven principles—five loaves and two fishes."

A Kokomo merchant has posted up in the rear of his store a card with the following:—"Noates—No Whislin nor Singin aloud in this Store." The clerks now chew gum inveterately to keep their jaws occupied, and eat slippery elm, to destroy the pucker of their mouths.

Let us enter a Genevan music store. What an array of instruments, of all shapes and models! The gentlemanly salesman invites me to be seated. I accept his courtesy, and lo! the chair begins to play "On yonder rock reclining." I place my foot upon a stool which stands invitingly near, and from its little body floats out upon the air the prettiest of Strauss's waltzes, "On the beautiful blue Danube." The bottle from which you pour a glass of water chants, "Come, fill to the brim every flagon." The little bird perched on yonder curiously carved old clock, whistles "Listen to the mocking bird." In fact, everything you touch sends forth harmonious sounds.

The Prince Poniatowski and Sir Julius Benedict have both promised to compose grand marches for M. Rivière's forthcoming promenade concerts at Covent Garden. "Classical" pieces are occasionally to be given, and conducted by Mr. Arthur Sullivan. The engagement of Mr. Edward Murray as acting manager has afforded much satisfaction.

Music is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but His praise; too near the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. Oh, that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as the midnight song of the nightingale!

An arrangement for Nilsson's season of opera in New York has been effected with the Directors of the Academy of Music. The terms are:—Ten weeks of opera in the fall, rent free, and the expenses of scenery and appointments are to be equally shared, between the Nightingale's manager and the powers at Irving Place. The Stockholders cling to their free seats.—*New York Herald*.

It costs something in New York to have first-class music in the churches. Few ministers are paid as heavy a salary as the first-class organist and conductor secures. A superb tenor is difficult to obtain. One who has a first-class tenor voice, with good culture, can secure almost any price in a fashionable church. Christ's Church, St. Thomas', Trinity, Grace, and St. Ann's, pay each from 5,000 dols. to 8,000 dols. a year for music.

We are not aware who is responsible for the invitations addressed to the continental organists now performing at the Royal Albert Hall, but judging from a correspondent's description of a recital given last Saturday afternoon, the ability of one of the gentlemen is not of the highest order. While there are so many able organists in England, it is absurd to introduce second-rate foreigners; and although we are always ready to welcome real talent from any country, we think that a little discretion might fairly be exercised in the selection.—*Choir*.

A new entertainment, written by Arthur Sketchley, will be produced at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, Monday, August 14th. *A Sensation Novel*, in consequence, has been withdrawn, after a run of 186 performances. The success of *A Sensation Novel* may be attributed to the satire of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and the manner in which the present entertainment is sustained by Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, with the talented company at their command.

The *Observer* speaks as follows of Mlle. Fernandez in *Anna Bolena*:—

"The new mezzo-soprano, Mlle. Fernandez, was successful in the part of Smeaton, the page. Her voice has much natural charm, and is fresh in quality; moreover, she appears to have been well trained, although she is, at present, diffident as an actress. She gained an encore in the first song, which was not, however, repeated."

One of the incidents in connection with the Royal visit to Ireland was the recognition by H.R.H. Prince Arthur Patrick of Professor Glover's national cantata, *St. Patrick*, which, by especial command, has been dedicated to H.R.H., a compliment both to the country and to the talented composer. The work is about to be published, in anticipation of the forthcoming festival of Irish music.

The wardens of one of the old City Churches, St. Margaret's, Lothbury, have set an example which we should like to see generally followed throughout the metropolis, by inviting the choir to dinner at the Crystal Palace. This looks as if music were appreciated at St. Margaret's, and it is a matter for satisfaction that gentlemen filling posts where they might use their powers in opposition to progress, are thus found to be among the leaders and supporters of the choir.

Managers, as a rule, are greedy fellows, and the under-paid and half-starved actors ought to make a stand against their impositions. What right have playhouse prices to be so high, when good low comedians can be found for a salary of £1,500—or say, at the outside, £3,000—a year, and ladies will oblige the public with a song for the trifling consideration of £80 a night? Rents, as a rule, are absurdly low, and gas is supplied to the theatres almost gratis. The bands are made up of amateurs, who fiddle and blow for amusement; and the pride of Mr. May's life is to supply theatrical dresses for nothing. The scenery is usually presented by the Royal Academy, and tax-collectors avoid theatres as they would mad dogs. Authors are common enough, and cheap enough, nowadays. A very good adaptation of the play of somebody else can be had for £100 down, or £55s. a night, if the piece be guaranteed in the bills for a hundred weeks; and when it is considered that the writing or adaptation, or translation, and whatsoever else it may be called, occupies two entire days, the remuneration is poor enough. There being no fewer than ten million plays already written, it requires no effort of genius for a man to be original, and strike out a new path for himself.

At the Handel and Haydn musical festival in Boston, Miss Cary was engaged to sing a cavatina of Mercadante, and fulfilled the contract by coming upon the stage with a street dress and bonnet, as though she, like the original Jim Crow, had just stepped in to see them all and ask them how they do; and the papers said that, though it was unusual, it was nice.—*Willard's Musical Visitor*.

The following remarks are worth considering by musicians who know not the value of time:—

"Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us—first one stick, which we are able to carry to-day, and then another, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it." These remarks are from the pen of John (not Isaac) Newton.

The results of the great choral competition at Ghent have been as follows:—In the 1st section, the first prize, consisting of a gold medal and a sum of 400 francs, has been gained by the Orpheon Society of Brussels; the 2nd, a bronze medal and 200 francs, by La Société Oefening baart Kunst, of Amsterdam; the 3rd, a bronze medal only, by Echos de la Gette, of Iodoigne. In the 2nd section, confined to singing in Dutch, the gold medal and 400 francs have been gained by the Cecilia Society of the Hague; and the second, a bronze medal and 200 francs, by the Society of Lockeren. The gold medal given by the King of the Belgians, of the value of 500 francs, for fine singing, was won by La Logia, of Liège.

The *Guardian*, referring to Mr. Best's Recital at the Albert Hall, says:—

"This performance eminently served to display the numerous and various effects which the instrument is capable of producing; and though it evidently afforded extreme pleasure to a tolerably numerous audience in the low-priced parts of the Hall, from a musical point of view, it would have been far more satisfactory had Mr. Best thought more of the music before him than of the instrument upon which he was playing. Variety in tone seemed to be his principal aim, and that he certainly succeeded in displaying to an almost unlimited extent, but too often to the detriment of the music which served as the vehicle of his display. Many of the stops and combinations he made use of were extremely pleasing and mellow in tone, as well as of an unusual character; but the full organ, as must be the case where metal so preponderates over wood, is harsh and piercing, and, if used for any length of time, is overpoweringly loud."

THE EARLIEST NOTICE OF SHAKESPEARE AS A POET.—Mr. Scott is touchingly tender of Malone's reputation; so tender, indeed, is he that, rather than expose Malone's "blunder," he takes to himself the credit of being the first Shaksperian critic to discover this passage in Camden's *Remains*; and when I, unlucky dog, attempt to put the matter right, he assails me with a sweeping charge of ignorance, in not having consulted any single one of the numerous editions of Camden's *Remains*. This charge is unfortunate, because I happen to possess a copy of Camden's *Remains*, dated 1629, which I certainly consulted before putting pen to paper, and the passage is there exactly as quoted, excepting that Marlowe is printed *Barlowe*. This, then, is Malone's "blunder"; but who is Barlowe? And where is his immortal fragment? Who is this unknown genius fit to stand upon the same pedestal with Shakspeare? Will Mr. Scott inform us? And, to conclude, if Mr. Scott will take the trouble to turn to the passage in Malone's Shakspeare, he will find that 1614 is Malone's date, and not mine. T. M'GRATH.

We (*Guardian*) are gratified to hear that the degree of Doctor of Music has been conferred by the Archbishop of Canterbury on Professor Oakeley. In this rare exercise of Archbishopial power his Grace has shown his accustomed judgment. It is, we understand, contrary to the custom of the Senate of Edinburgh University to confer an honorary degree on one of its own body, and indeed no musical degree seems yet to have been given in Scotland. As Professor at Edinburgh, Mr. Oakeley could not, of course, have become a candidate at another university for this degree in the usual way—as a student. It would seem, therefore, that he was excluded—rather than entitled *ex-officio*—from a degree in the subject of which he is University Professor. Thus the "flat" of the Pri. nate was in this instance an act specially graceful.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

W. H. ROSS—"O gladsome light," evening song of praise, and "Wake, Lady wake," serenade, by James F. Simpson; "Chime, beautiful bells," song, by Eugene Loraine.
AUGENER & Co.—"Sonata for the Pianoforte," by Charles Henry Shepherd, A.R.A.M.
DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.—"What might have been," song, by Henrietta.

A WORD FOR JULLIEN.

The writer of an article entitled "Music, its Origin and Influence," which appears in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, thus does an instalment of justice to poor Julien:—

"Julien was too popular for his own fame—a scornful smile is apt to pass over the sound musician's face at the very mention of it—yet no man did more than Julien to kindle the love of music, good, bad and indifferent, throughout the length and breadth of England. Let us be pardoned if we pause to pay a passing tribute to one who has been a little underrated. Julien arrived here in 1838, with a prodigious reputation as a popular *chef d'orchestre*, and his promenade concerts soon became the rage. The music played was at times extravagant; pistols, crackers, and even blue and red fires and musketry, were employed to enhance the powers of the orchestra, and astounded the audience. A new Polka by Julien was an event—for no mortal could tell what would take place before the end of it. But Julien was also a lover of good music: he knew his public, and stooped to it, but he also to some extent trained it. At his concerts thousands heard for the first time in their lives, for the small sum of one shilling, some of the finest overtures of Weber and Mendelssohn, and parts of the immortal symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. But these classical pills were so excessively gilded in every programme with sensation dance music, that poor M. Julien to this day passes with many as a mere charlatan. In justice to him we ought at least to remember that he secured for popular hearing almost every great soloist of his day, and that such men as Vieuxtemps, Sainon, and Sivori, were to be found amongst the violins of his band. This band, with their *mises en scene* and voluminous *impedimenta*, was as ubiquitous as a corps of Garibaldians in the great days of Garibaldi—they overran the kingdom—they were often announced at one time for a dozen different concerts in different parts of the world—they even went bodily to America, and were back again before they began to be missed here. M. Julien had many followers, but no rivals."

VIENNA.—After what is jocosely termed, in mild family circles, "playing old gooseberry" with the singers regularly engaged at the Imperial Operahouse, Fate appears resolved to treat the "guests," or stars, in a similar manner, so that, consequently, some of them will be conspicuous by their absence. For instance, Herr Schelper, the baritone, who was to have appeared during the present month, has written to cry off. Herr Niemann, too, has done the same. He went, for the benefit of his health, to drink the waters, or, *Germanic*, to subject himself to the "cure" at Kissingen, and it seems the said "cure" cured him too much, so that, passing beyond the limits of health, he sailed round the sanitary globe till he returned to the regions of ailments. In addition to this, he has had a swelling in one hand, in consequence of which he suffered immense pain, and was obliged to undergo two operations. The result is that he feels so weak as to be utterly incapable of fulfilling his engagement here.—The new season will shortly commence at the Royal Operahouse. In the way of novelty, the management is hesitating between *Don Carlos* and *Hamlet*. The choice will, most probably, fall on *Don Carlos*, because, in the first place, the *Hamlet* of M. Ambrose Thomas, without Mdle. Nilsson, is like the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare without Hamlet; because, in the second, Mdle. Nilsson is not in Europe; and because, in the third, Herr Herbeck would not be able to pay her terms if she were.

WIESBADEN.—Since the commencement of the present season, the Administration have, up to the present moment, given two concerts, the principal artists at which were Mdle. Pauline Fichtner, pianist, from Vienna; Mdme. Ilka Markovitz, *prima donna* at the Hungarian National Theatre, Pesth; Herr Moutardon, from the Conservatory, Strasburgh; Herr Scaria, from the Royal Operahouse, Dresden; Herr Leopold Auer, from the Conservatory, St. Petersburg; and Herr Schild, from Weimar.—At the Theatre, the stars have been Mdme. Mallinger, Mdle. Mila Röder, and Herr Theodor Wachtel. Herren Niemann and Betz are expected.

For Music.

*A Knight of Cales, a Squire of Wales,
And a Laird of the North Countree,
A Yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
Shall buy them out, all three—three, three,
Shall buy them out, all three.*

To Arthur S. Sullivan, Esq.

Advertisements.

MDLLE. MARIMON.

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